# THE MARYVILLE STUDENT.

SEMPER SURSUM.

Vol. I. Maryville College, Oct. 1875. No. 2.

## Drifting.

By Atramentum.

The oars lie silent at my side,
My boat floats downward with the tide,
Dumb silence broods o'er all below,
And listless I would have it so.

Comes there to me while gazing now
At the stars far beyond the prow,
Bright visions of my schoolboy days,
Sweeter to me than minstrel's lays.

* * * *

I see the halls, the classic halls,
The whittl'd seats, the pencill'd walls,
Scenes of study, of mental strife,
In the long, long ago of life.

I see them now, the dear old band
Of teachers, pupils, hand in hand:
I hear their voices as of yore,
In class-room conning ancient lore.

I see my room, the dear old place,
Ever wearing a cheerful face:
Here my chair, and there my table,
Piled with books as high as Babel.

I hear the bell, as I heard it then.
Loud pealing out the hour of ten.
The mandate ringing, "Seek thy bed,"
Glad summons to the aching head.

Oh life! full of woe, full of care;
Oh life! deceitful, never fair;
Then thou wert to me a treasure,
Filled with hope and youthful pleasure.

Now is the "sere and yellow leaf:"
Old time to me has been a thief,
Stealing my happiness away,
Letting grim sorrow hold its sway.

But while I can in Mem'ry's boat
Among the scenes of boyhood float
I'll lay aside each vexing care,
And revel long in pleasure there.

## Man,—A Finder.

By L. M. C.

One of the world's literate champions says; "Poetry is thought flung upon the panorama of music." But the great idea in music is the beauty of harmony. The poet, then, is a discoverer of harmonies: not an inventor, for the true poet is a mirror of nature, and the harmonious sounds which reverberate along the avenues of the world, saluting the ears of its teeming millions, are not the figments of fancy; they are realities, which he looking down routed from the secret of darkness, while his tongue of thunder rebuked the apathy of earth as rocks and mountains uniting with the bending heavens, broke their eternal silence to publish his oracles in characters of light. Men turn their gaze at the new-comer and praise the poet showman. But not as a showman which he really is, but as a creator. They do not say; "See what he has formed!" but "See what he has made!" With as much reason might we say that Mr. Newton created the laws of gravity or Mr. Galileo the laws of falling bodies.

But what to you or to me is the creation of John Milton? If he has found something long hid by nature in her jealous depths, then I, no less than he, am enriched.

Nature stands in immediate relation to you and me. But what he makes is his own, to which neither you nor I have semblance of right or title. But to Milton's or or any other man's intellectual family, ours is an altitude of scarcely disguised hostility. Milton's creations are like their creator, of the earth, earthy: what he has discovered in the tireless flights of imagination from the bottomless profound of Hell, circling the sum of created things, up to the very burning throne of Omnific Greatness in Heaven, bear the impress of its proper origin.

The creature is not mightier than the creator. What the poet makes belongs to him and must die with him; he cannot transmit his offspring to posterity, for none would own it. What man discovers belongs, not to him, but to humanity, and is immortal as its Maker GOD. The poet's inventions are his whims, his fancies, his conceits. Thus, "daughters of men" are, not unfrequently, gaudily attired, petted and caressed by the poet, to the neglect of the more modest "sons of God."

Here is found no place for the poet's own creations. This world is a mighty music box, attuned to all symphonies by the Master Maker. He who discovers to the listening crowd an implicit melody is the poet. Who would close, insert or modify a single note? The gift of poesy is, then, not the gift of invention, but of discovery.

He that lifts the veil from Nature and shows her Heaven descended beauties, *manfully* (in the strictest meaning of the term), shall, as the sun of existence dips in declining lustre behind the visible horizon, —to him the remotest hills of earthly vision— be seen rising and culminating, not as here, and now, but in another and nobler sphere, in all the livery of undying splendor. *R. H. C.*

## Silent Influence.

BY G. S. W. M.

To exert the greatest and best possible influence over mankind, should be the aim of every one, and to do this we must exercise the greatest possible circumspection. That man wields a mighty influence in this world is a self-evident fact, which we can not question, but which is recognized by every rational being. Every one must necessarily exert a good or bad influence. This controlling power of man is as various as the opinions concerning the origin of the world. It is a lucid and potent fact that it is incumbent upon every one to bring about a moral reformation by repressing the evil, and educing and encouraging the good in himself and others.

The man of influence is a man of power. He, like "Providence moves through time as the gods of Homer through space." He restricts not his influence to narrow bounds. He exerts every faculty, every power, every capacity for the elevation of mankind

Man can possess this controlling power only by the shrewdest discrimination. True motives must govern his every act. To be a power in the world our every habit and custom must meet with the approbation of good men. Conscience, if not seared, will be a true guide.

Man must know himself before he is capable of exerting a good influence. "KNOW THYSELF" was written over the portal at Delphi. It was inculcated by Socrates, and all the preeminent teachers of practical ethics regarded this maxim as the summary of wisdom. How beautiful to influence others to "moral thoughtfulness," which Dr. Thomas Arnold defines as "the inquiring love of truth going along with the divine love of goodness." In our every day acts, shall we be governed by unreasonable judgments? Shall we do that which we know will destroy our influence? Every act, every thought has its effect. As we perambulate the rugged and meandering ways of life, we are unconcious as it were that we sked an influence over others for good or evil, but nevertheless it is true. May it not be said of any christian that his example is pernicious—that he has made others dupes to his insidious artifices, and thus incurred the maledictions and anathemas of any of God's creatures.

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As the season of parties and balls approaches, boys begin to feel *gall*ant and *buoy*ant.

## Words.

BY CONTRIBUTOR.

"Words are things — a small drop of ink that falls like dew upon a thought producing that which makes thousands, perhaps millions think."

In nothing, perhaps, is less care shown than in our use of words in our ordinary conversation. Owing to this negligence provincialisms creep in, the language is corrupted and low expressions, slang phrases, and the murder of the Queen's English, become the rule rather than the exception. Every person speaking English has a deep personal interest in preserving the purity of his mother tongue. A people tolerating the corruption of its language is already upon its decline. Words are the vehicle and drapery of thought. As coins serve for the exchange of values in the world's traffic, so does language serve the far more important use — the exchange of thoughts. "Speech is the body of a thought, without which it were not seen." If it be important that the commercial value of coins be accurately ascertained and generally understood; still more to be desired is it that the significant use of words and phrases be understood, and that too by the many.

Reputable use is the standard of appeal where language is concerned; and this being so, it must be unfortunate when we find it difficult to draw the line between what is reputable and *dis*reputable.

Language should ever be the servitor of Truth. Words, like window panes, should ever be so clear and transparent that the medium should attract no part of our attention from the object at which we would gaze. He is the enemy of his kind whose use for language is to conceal his meaning. Queen Elizabeth, it is said, once ordered her sheriff to execute a prisoner, but framed her sentences so artfully that after the execution it was shown that the order would admit of a quite different construction.

But *carelessness* and a *vitiated taste* are the great corrupters of a language. Our nature is verily guilty in this matter. Low expressions and slang phrases greet us everywhere. Not unfrequently will a member of Congress violate grammar in a way as painful to a correct taste as is the harshest discord to the most exquisite musical ear. Even students, while making grammar their study, disregard its canons. Not seldom do we hear among them such expressions as the following: "It is a long time since I *have saw* him;" "*Him* and *me* are old friends;" "That is sad news to you and *I*;" "I have *done* recited my lesson." Then, too, a few adjectives, such as *smart* and *mighty*, are continually compelled to serve where they do not belong — and this to the discomfort of all who wish to see words, like men, in their right places.

The habit of using correct English is one of immense value to any young person. It has a powerful reflex influence in making one a close and accurate thinker, and a logical reasoner. Much of the benefit coming from the study of such subjects as Law and Geometry results from the careful use of words which is there indispensable. No word is there employed for its own sake. "What does not help, hinders." This rule holds, virtually, everywhere else. The witty Sydney Smith said that most compositions would be greatly improved by driving a pen through them and erasing *every other*, or at least *every third word*. The criticism was rather too severe but is worth remembering.

## Study Itself a Pleasure.

By Contributor.

If the youth is to succeed in his studies his success will depend quite as much upon his enthusiasm as upon the quickness or strength of his mental endowments. The reason for this is evident. Advancement must depend upon earnest, persistent exertion, and there is nothing external which can urge the mind to that earnest and patient effort which is needed. Parents may express their wishes in the premises; prizes may be offered; but unless there be an actual delight in mental effort, all will be in vain. "Wherefore is there a price in the hand of a fool to get wisdom, seeing he

hath no heart to it?"

The lad who cannot, after a fair trial, evoke an inbred enthusiasm for his books, had better sue out a release from the bondage and the expense of a college course. The attempt on his part to become a good scholar will result in spoiling a good farmer or a good blacksmith: and blacksmiths and farmers are both needed in their places as are *savans* themselves. Every boy has a masterpiece—an employment—in which, if not incureably lazy, he would be sure to succeed. There is a providence in this *variety* of talent and tendency, which is everywhere observable. "All nature's difference keeps all nature's peace." The departments of human effort are already very many, and, as society advances they must advance in a more than arithmetical ratio. There is work for all, and there can be no excuse for standing, or rather sitting idle in the marketplace.

Much will depend upon our finding our appropriate work "Give even a dunce the employment he desires and he will find the talent it requires." But whatever one's disinclination toward books, he owes it to himself not to stop short of a knowledge of the branches taught in a good common school. Every boy and every girl in this broad land ought to be able to read, write and keep accounts, and, if possible, they should all know something of Grammar and Geography. An acquaintance with these is indispensable to the hod-carrier even, if he would be a man among men.

But what we would urge upon the student who has a college course in prospect is this — get up an enthusiasm in study, else abandon study for some work in which he can be both more happy and more useful. It sometimes happens that a lad finds it difficult even with hard study to keep up with his class, and he becomes discouraged and leaves study to engage in some manual labor. Not a few have erred in thus doing. Where there is enthusiasm joined with a willingness to study, patiently and continuously, success is well nigh certain. An ounce of industry is worth more practically than a ton of genius. It is patient industry that wins in a long race. The tortoise outstrips the hare.

Mind work within anything like reasonable limits is healthy work. It is as conducive to longevity as it is promotive of the nobler enjoyments of life. And for the encouragement of the desponding let it be said that the cases are but rare where the determined and industrious student fails to develope into the useful and respected man. Native talent is not distributed so unequally as we are wont to assume. There is no such prodigy as a universal genius. Every one has a talent which it is his duty and should be his delight to improve. "Wisdom is the principal thing, therefore get wisdom, and with all thy getting get understanding."

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## Publishers' Notices.

Next month we will notice our exchanges.

Our subscription book has room for more names.

Nor is our space for advertisements exhausted.

We thank our friends for the assistance they have rendered us.

Our exchanges have our thanks for favorable notices of the STUDENT.

In our next number will appear the oration which our lamented schoolmate, Mr. W. S. Cole, — or as his mates knew him better, "Billie Cole," — prepared and would have delivered, two years since, had not Death snatched him from us.

## Study.

Two months have flown by since we gathered together after our vacation, took down our books from their dusty shelves and proposed to spend another year in study. At first it seemed hard to fix our minds on our books, but we have now got well under way, and those who have come here to work are filling the store-houses of their minds with the knowledge of books.

But before we proceed farther with our studies let us stop a moment and ask ourselves why all this expenditure of time and money. Are we endeavoring to cram our heads with Greek and Latin only because it is fashionable? Are we here merely to go through a certain number of books that we may have the satisfaction of saying we have been through college? No, we come here to fit ourselves for the great battle of life which we are now about to begin in real earnest.

Our country is calling for men—men of action—men of brain, and as soldiers about to go to the wars are subjected to a strict disipline, and instructed in the use of arms, so we must now train ourselves by study if we wish to make good soldiers in the struggle which is before us. And to do this we must improve our opportunities and not idle away our time, or spend it in useless gossip or idle dreamings of the future.

But hard study alone will not make men of us, and, in truth, it

is not so much the amount of knowledge which we cram into our brains as the quality, and the manner in which it is kept; for if we fill our heads with a confused mass of rules, problems, dead languages and scraps of history, and do not keep them in order, and ready for use, we are perhaps no better prepared for the duties of life than we would be had we never obtained that knowledge.

The student should not make a hermit of himself and attend to his books and nothing else, but he should take a lively interest in everything around him, and apply his knowledge to actual occurences in life. Debating societies help him in this, but these do not entirely fill the place of other things.

We wish to pursue such a course as will benefit us in after life, and to do this we must mix with the world as far as our time and judgment will allow, cultivate the acquaintence of our fellow students, and obtain a practical as well as a theoretic knowledge of men and things; nor should we entirely despise pleasures of society, but should, as far as it will not interfere with our other duties, be alive to everything around us, and by so doing we will be better enabled to lead useful and respected lives.

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Pres. Bartlett will deliver a temperance lecture at the Presbyterian Church on the evening of Nov. 21st. Panoramic views of a drunkard's stomach will be shown.

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## CLIPPINGS.

The Freshman class at Harvard, it is said, will number over two hundred.

Two hundred and fifty students present at opening of term at Hillsdale.

The Freshman class in academy department at Dartmouth numbers eighty. Twenty-seven applicants admitted to Scientific department.

Both Harvard and Williams now require Sophomores to sign pledges that they will obey the laws of the college and refrain from hazing.

The number of American colleges is reported by the National Commissioner of Education to be 323. Male students attending the same, 25,000. Female students, 2,349.

The study of the elementary geology of Tennessee is to be added immediately to the public school course of this state. A suitable text book has been prepared.

The interest in boating seems to have died out. None of the crews we had in college last year have reorganized. The crew of the '76 class seem to think it below the dignity of Seniors, and several members of the crews from the Sophomore and Preparatory classes did not return [ *University Monthly.*

Yale College is one hundred and seventy-five years old, and during this time it has had ten presidents. Dr. Woolsey occupied the president's chair for a quarter of a century.

The Sophomore class of Lafayette College, numbering seventy-five, turned out in masks and white gowns, with torches, for for a 'horn spree.' They entered the old college building and the several halls hunting for Freshmen. The doors of the rooms of Profs. Hart, Owens, Baker and Stillman were broken open, as also the doors of a number of Freshmen, not only in the College building, but out in the town. The Freshmen were dragged from the beds and submitted to the greatest indignities. The faculty made a descent and captured four students, two of them in the act of depredation. On Tuesday these were 'indefinitely suspended.' They were taken to the depot in a barouche drawn by four white horses, escorted by a band and the whole Sophomore class. The class adopted and handed the faculty a letter in which they asked the same treatment as was given the suspended men. The faculty is in session to-day, suspending the whole class as fast as they can be heard. A son of Governor Hartranft and a son of Cyrus L. Pershing, the Democrat-nominee for Governor, are members of the Sophomore class.

—*Exchange.*

## PERSONALS.

On the night of the third of October, Prof. Crawford became a father. We in behalf of the students extend most heart-felt congratulations and *sympathies* to the happy couple. *His* name is JOHN CALVIN.

'74

E. A. Elmore is at Union Theological Seminary New York.

J. M. Goddard is Prof. of Mathematics in the East Tenn. Wesleyan University, at Athens.

S. S. Grinnell is studying theology at Oberlin Ohio.

A. M. Hook is studying at Danville Theological Seminary.

R. H. Hook is at present at home.

W. M. Mundy is at Danville Theological Seminary.

## LOCALS.

A little base-balling, a little nutting and a deal of studying.

There is very interesting Union prayer-meeting in progress in town.

The Animi Cultus Society paper will be read Friday eve, November the twelfth.

A student is talking about bringing a suit of damages against the President for a boot and foot cut while assisting him in the woods.

We regret very much to state that Miss Ella Brown, an Alumna of last year, has been very ill She, however, is better as we go to press.

The information that there should be no more walks in the woods with the fair ones of Baldwin Hall, filled the hearts of our male students with grief and dismay.

The class in Drawing under Prof. Collins has commenced operations. All who desire to become masters of this useful and ornamental art should join the class.

There are oases in a students life. Such are Thanksgiving Day, Day of Prayer for Colleges, Christmas and vacation. We have been having a small rest from some of our books while the teachers were gone to Synod. The Juniors however were egregiously disappointed when Prof. Bartlett announced his determination not to go. The prayer of the students now is "O for another Synod!"

Some of our students who were gallant enough, and had the time, shouldered their axes last week, and, under the direction of the President, marched into the woods, cut down and hewed off some trees wherewith to make walks on which the ladies, and they too if they wish, may perambulate to town and church during the rainy season.

At the last monthly election of the Ladies' Society, Miss Biddle was elected President and Miss Crawford Vice President. The Society is still minus a name. Can't one of those Juniors, who know so much, furnish one?

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Prof. Crawford proposes to build a residence on College Hill. The site selected is between Prof. Lamar's and Prof. Bartlett's houses. If any more Profs. locate on the hill we'll be afraid to venture out.

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The Spelling of Friday evening the 15th served to revive the subsided interest in that field of letters. Two of our Juniors, C. C. Hembree and J. B. Porter were Captains. The first "spell" of half an hour, in which the misses were registered, resulted in a tie of 18 to 18. The second in which "spelling down" was introduced, resulted in a victory for Mr. C. Hembree. The exercises were spiced with games etc., thus making the evening pass most agreeably. Long live the spelling!

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Prof. Crawford has introduced a new plan into his Rhetorical Class which meets with general approbation. He has appointed a number of his class as debaters, relieving them in the meantime of all other rhetorical duties. Orators are also appointed, all of whom have ample time to prepare. The young ladies are also varying the exercises by introducing dialogues. The debaters discuss at their first debate "Whether or not declaiming is beneficial." Our President has taken charge of the Collegians' Rhetorical Class so long under the charge of Prof. Bartlett. All the classes show signs of increased interest.

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## The Athenian.

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The Athenian Society had a Public debate and reading of The Athenian the 29th of this month. The question under debate was, "Is ambition a virtue or vice?" The debaters were as follows:

| Affirmative: | Negative: |
|---|---|
| J. A. Silsby, | G. S. Moore, |
| T. N Brown, | C. C. Hembree, |
| A. E. Draper. | S. T. Wilson. |

The affirmative gained the question. After the debate "The Athenian" was read by the Editors, T. N. Brown and C. C. Hembree. The Paper was a complete success, one noticeable and very commendable feature being the absence of pieces which wolud wound anyone's feelings. After the paper the regular election of officers took place. The result we append:

President, W. E. McCampbell.
Vice President, J. A. Silsby.
Secretary, J. W. Rankin.
Treasurer, G. S. Moore.
Librarian, J. C. Lawrence.
Censors, W. H. Franklin. C. C. Hembree.
Editor of The Athenian, W. E. McCampbell.

## HASH.

"Whittier's genius," says the Golden Age, "was kindled by reading Burns."

A man may as well expect to grow stronger by always eating, as wiser by always reading.—Collier.

An old lady describes a genius as "a man what knows more'n he can find out, and spills vittels on his clothes."

The following sentence of only thirty-four letters contains all the letters in the alphabet: "John quickly extemporized five tow bags."

It is said that in Scotland one man out of every 1,000 goes to college: in Germany the proportion is one in every 2,600; in England it is one for every 5,800.

Whittier being asked for his autograph, at once complied by penning:

The name is but the shadow which we find
Too often larger than the man behind.

A student, undergoing his examination, was asked the mode of action of disinfectants. He replied: "They smell so badly that the people open the windows, and the fresh air gets in."

The phrase "put a head on him" is said to owe its origin to Shakespeare, who, in Titus Andronicus, calls upon the people to "put a head on headless Rome."

The Chinese have an aphorism very similar to our "Man proposes, but God disposes." It is: "Jen schwoo, soo-tre! soo-tre!" "Tien scwo, wei-jau! wei-jau!" "Man says, so! so! Heaven says, no! no!"

"Eh, doctor," said a bailie of a small Scotch town to a friend, "he maun hae been an extraordinary man, that Shakspeare; there are things hae come into his head that never would hae come into mine at a'."

Wear your learning, said Chesterfield, like your watch, in a private pocket, and do not pull it out and strike, merely to show that you have one. If you are asked what o'clock it is, tell it, but do not proclaim it hourly, and unasked, like the watchman.

A teacher was illustrating the compass to two pupils. "Now, what is before you?" "The North, sir," said John, who was an intelligent lad. "Now, Tommy," said he to the other, who had just donned a long coat, "what is behind you?" "My coat tail, sir," said Tommy.

Professor in Political Science—What can you say of the right to reputation? Senior B.—No man can injure my reputation. Prof.—A rather ambiguous answer. Do you mean that your character is so bad that no one can injure it? Senior stammers, blushes, and sits down. [*Crayon.*

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